

Hallowed

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Hallowed

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

“George...” Dream said, his voice low and careful in the hot flame. “Are your nipples pierced?”

“Yeah.” George’s voice was startlingly breathless, eyes cast away from Dream’s and stuck staring at the floor.

“Fuck.”

The metal he wore was hotter than the fire in Dream.

Notes

the piercing fic grind never stops
seriously i have more piercing fics half-written lol

also the way that this just. i rewrote the beginning three or four times before i landed on this one and it really just did as it pleased. i’m beyond happy with it, but oh my god is it not what i was going for in the beginning

Dream was playing with fire.

He could feel the flame against his skin when he toyed with the matches, hot tangerine licking stripes up the inside of his ribs. It rushed his body hot and wild, insatiably *orange* and tough to stomach. He wanted to curse whatever had done this to him, had made him hot enough to sweat, but he didn't hate the man responsible.

Dream could never hate George.

And it would be cruel to vex the brunet now—when they were finally sat in the same house. But it was also true that the source of Dream's fire was George being mere feet away from him, sitting comfortably on the other side of the couch. It took everything inside of Dream to keep the flame from winning, to keep himself at the comfortable, platonic distance they had set between themselves. To save himself from ruin.

He knew it had been dangerous to invite George to visit. Knew he ran the risk of fucking up something, for Dream had a bad habit of acting on impulsion. A bad habit of losing his filter and doing things that one might call *regrettable*. Though Dream wasn't too keen on regretting things, he really didn't want to screw anything up with George.

He hadn't even been there for a full day. Landed in Florida that afternoon, embraced Dream in a tight hug in the airport. It took him ten minutes to complain about the insufferable heat, an hour to flop down on the bed in Dream's guest room and fall asleep.

But now he was awake, hyper, *real*, and sat across from Dream on the couch.

Dream had been the one to suggest they watch a movie, and he'd admit that it was only because he wanted to be close to George. It was nearly half-past midnight, and Dream could probably fall asleep if he laid down and shut his eyes—but he didn't want to. He wanted to spend time with George, even if it was too quiet and too distant for his liking. Even if the movie they were watching was awful in every sense.

Dream wouldn't call himself *bored* per se, but the lackluster plot and one-dimensional characters made his mind wander. And his mind wandered to George, sat silently a few feet away from him, picking at the skin on his thumbs. Clearly, he wasn't very interested in the movie either. But he wasn't making any moves to leave, though he very well could've. Dream wouldn't have kept him there, even if deep down he really wanted to.

It was fire that made Dream think unholy thoughts about his friend. The tight heat that dripped through his sternum, pooling in his abdomen just a touch too close to his cock. It scorched him torrid, though he could feel the sweat pooling beneath his shirt in uncomfortable damp. His mind was a mess of possible scenarios, each one more unrealistic than the last.

George thrown into the sofa, pinned down against the cushions with his head thrown back to let Dream tear teeth against his skin. The way he'd carry him back to his room, throw him down against *his* bed—Dream's bed, the same one he slept in every night—so he'd lay against the pillows even after George had left and remember the way his voice had curled so pretty around his name.

In every thought, George was colored purple, burning hot and orchid everywhere Dream had put

his mouth. It would look pretty on him, dark blotches on pale skin that cried out in claim. A not-so-gentle reminder for George to spot in the mirror the morning after, run his delicate fingertips over the bitten marks and feel his breath catch in his throat.

Dream felt pitiful when he realized he'd gotten hard. He shifted into a position that would hide it from George's sight, actually focusing his attention on the movie in an attempt to rid himself of the erection.

The movie was boring enough that it actually worked, and they got to the end credits without a hitch.

It was strange to rise from the couch after George, to walk with him down the hall and laugh about how terrible the movie was. It hadn't been the bad movie you could make fun of while you watched it, only horrendously lackluster in every sense of the word, something that let Dream cast a glance at George with knitted eyebrows and go "*we really watched that?*"

When George said good night and slipped into his room, Dream held onto the words in George's pretty accent. He didn't have enough time to say it back before George closed his door, the first syllable still caught on Dream's lips where he stood in the hall.

He fell into his own room and finally stripped his shirt off, ridding himself of the stifling fabric in all his self-inflicted heat. The fire was a burning rage again, hot in his throat with an ember sting. He swallowed it, feeling the scald as the heat slid down his throat, striking enough to choke.

Dream fell onto his bed. He turned the light on his nightstand on and rolled over on his still-made sheets, not bothering to climb under the covers as he took out his phone to go on Twitter. He craved a distraction from the hot flame, or even better—something to extinguish it entirely.

He found all of it. And he laid on his bed with temperate ease for hours, not edged close enough to sleep even through all the time that passed. Dream was thoughtless through all of it, lost to distraction completely until a text came up on the top of his screen.

are you awake?

i can't sleep

When his eyes caught George's name on the text, the spark in Dream's chest almost ignited again. But he quelled it, texted George back a *me neither* and told him to come to his room. The sound of George's footsteps in the hall were soft and full of promise, the rap of his knuckles on the door even more so.

"You can come in."

George only poked his head in between the door and its frame, his face flushed visible under the light. Dream had sat up in bed, eyeing George with a kind smile.

"You alright?" he asked in earnest.

"Yeah, just not tired," George admitted. "I probably shouldn't have slept when I got here, I think it messed me up."

Dream laughed. "Maybe."

There was a moment of silence, thick and heavy in the air. Dream swore he could've cut the tension between them with a knife—the undefinable, strange tension. Something that hadn't been

there in the living room when they watched that movie, or the kitchen when they ate dinner, or the car when he drove George home. Something completely new, perhaps related to Dream's bare chest or the heavy feeling of *early morning* that was cast outside the window.

George shifted uncomfortably in the doorway. Dream laughed playfully, outstretching an arm as if to beckon George inside.

"You don't have to stand in the doorway, George," he said, sliding over to the far side of his mattress. "You can come sit with me."

George stepped into Dream's room slowly and with purpose, back turned completely to Dream and the bed he sat on as he closed the door. He slid it delicately into the frame, as if he was trying to hide the sound from someone else in the house, though the two of them were the only people there.

But Dream could now tell that George was also lacking a shirt. His back was an expanse of pale skin—untouched, dotted with freckles, and oh so dangerous. The spread of his back looked like a canvas to Dream, the corners of his mouth edged with flame as he bit his tongue to stifle a comment.

Then George turned around, and the fire was everywhere.

"George..." Dream said, his voice low and careful in the hot flame. "Are your nipples pierced?"

He felt his mouth slip open in a startled breath, matching the ecstasy in his chest as it swelled with hot fire.

The question was rhetorical. Dream could see the answer for himself, the pretty silver barbells shot straight through George's nipples, tempting against his flushed skin. It was such a good look on him, the start of a new set of raging thoughts in Dream's head as he thought about all the ways he could tease those little strips of metal.

"Yeah." George's voice was startlingly breathless, eyes cast away from Dream's and stuck staring at the floor.

"Fuck."

Dream breathed fire, hot enough to feel on his own parted lips. It lingered there, dared to burn the skin around his mouth.

"Do you..." George hesitated, umber eyes shifting cautiously to find the honey across the room. "Do you like them, Dream?"

Every word was still so winded, so knocked out of George and taut in the air. The reaction it got from Dream was pathetic, something strangled pulled hot from his chest in a groan. He could feel himself getting hard in his sweats, mind swimming with every thought of how George would react to his fingers on the jewelry if he was already so screwed.

"Jesus christ, George," Dream huffed, rubbing a scalding hand over his face. "The things I want to do to you and those pretty pierced nipples of yours."

It was visible when George's breath caught, jolting his entire body where he stood. He looked at Dream with the widest eyes, hands clenched at his sides.

Dream was in a flaming pit, one built of something undefinable. A hopeless clamor that he *should've watched his mouth* clashed with the way George had reacted. The fight of fire against

fire only grew more painfully violent when George paced across the room, climbing up onto the bed and seating himself in Dream's lap.

"Promise you'll show me?"

The breathlessness of George's tone was better this close, close enough for Dream to feel the heat of every syllable dropped against his lips. And George had placed himself right on Dream's cock, now painfully hard and straining against his pants—straining against *George*, who only rocked his hips back against him.

Dream grabbed onto the bare part of George's waist, tugging him closer with impatience until their lips were mashed together in the most beautiful disaster. Everything about George was *hot*, and not just in the way that Dream found him to be the most attractive man alive. His skin burned Dream's palms, his lips melted Dream's tongue, and his spit was molten lava when it seeped into Dream's mouth through the part he had made.

Something blue mixed taut with orange, and Dream's chest was alight when he pushed up against George, rocking both his cock into him and knocking their chests together with pure want. The metal was cool on flaming skin, the sensation different enough to make Dream hiss, his teeth snagging against George's bottom lip as he moved.

George had his hands on Dream's face, and Dream would give anything to keep them there. He could feel the mess of cobalt flame on his cheeks, licking up to strike his corneas and singe his eyelashes completely, every freckle on his skin dotted with blue heat.

And the slide of their mouths was only better. It was hungry, it was slick, it was everything Dream had imagined it to be and more—more because it was real, more because it was George, more because he was the most striking blue in compliment. And George let him lick into his mouth with a burning tongue, let him ooze spit between his lips like melted candle wax, and the whine that emitted from that pretty pink mouth practically urged Dream to give him more.

So he gave him teeth. Gave him the ivory bite on his mouth, the drag against him, the tiniest little dots of pain that George craved so deeply, but not quite deep enough to voice it. And even if it was pitted wide enough in his stomach, he wouldn't have wanted to part mouths to speak, content to mewl against Dream's lips and swallow tangerine.

George's skin dared to flare hotter when Dream dragged gentle hands up his body, drinking in the wanton moan when he finally hit George's nipples. He rolled a barbell between his fingers gently, cool metal like ice on his skin. He tugged on it lightly, only rubbing the pad of his thumb against the bud of George's other nipple, savoring the strangled noise George slipped into his mouth.

Dream pulled their lips apart just enough to speak, reveled in the string of spit that sought to keep them connected, everything but lava when it dropped against his chin. And he locked eyes with George through lashes and eyelids, savored the complete swallow of brown to black, irises practically vanished to pools of hot coal.

Dream tugged at the barbell again, pinched George's other nipple vertically between two fingers hard enough to make him twist.

"Are your nipples sensitive?"

It was husky and low, a tone Dream could barely recognize on himself. But it made George shudder in his lap, grind his hips down with need, the playful answer hanging low on his lips but not quite enough to hit Dream's ears. George was shuddering breaths, a melted pile of pretty blue

against Dream, leaning into the touch on his metal-adorned nipples until he choked enough to find the words.

“That’s why I got them pierced.”

Azure tasted sweet on Dream’s parting smirk, sweet enough for him to dart his tongue out and chase the flavor on his lips, licking up every speck of George’s answer with a growled moan, one punctuated by the pinch of his fingers and a sharp tug on George’s piercing. The sensation made him cry out in startle, head knocking against Dream’s not quite hard enough to hurt, but pitching them close enough for their breath to mix in complementary hues.

“Naughty.”

The collision of their lips came rushed and fast, quick with desperate pressure and favorable hunger. It was seeping, a wet mess in lieu of flame, but not close enough to water to extinguish the fire. If anything, it stoked it brighter, threatening to burn through the set sun in a delirious clash of passionate mouths, a slot of sticky-wet suction noises and the clumsy crash of teeth on teeth.

Dream’s hands were unforgiving. They were large, perhaps too large, hot and all-consuming on George’s body, especially where they lay now. He swallowed the chill of the metal with his palms, leaving the jewelry to burn hot against George’s chest when he pulled. He pulled George by the piercing to draw him closer, bucked his hips up into him with a breathy moan, splayed his hand out on George’s chest to dig nails into his side. He rolled the heel of his palm with a heavy press, grinding the spheres of the barbell between his flesh and George’s, every last inch of touching skin painfully scalding.

Dream welcomed it. Dropped his mouth open against George’s to stroke his tongue inside his mouth, pulled off with slick spit and searing kisses all over George’s lips.

George’s hands fell down the sides of Dream’s neck in a cascade of hot fire, blue as the ocean as he pushed against the harsh roll of Dream’s palm. His head dared to tip back, leaving the flaming heat of Dream’s mouth to slide down his chin and catch his jaw, the sharp snag of his teeth on the skin unfamiliar but unbelievably wanted.

The sounds in the room then were sinful. With every drag of his teeth on George’s skin, he’d choke on something pretty, but he let his mouth fall open and gather spit until every noise sounded obscenely slick. And George’s hands had caught Dream’s freckled shoulders, the tight grip on the broad expanse pulling his skin taut beneath blunt nails.

Dream reeled both hands back, pressing the pads of his thumbs against George’s nipples and massaging them slightly. He took the breathy whines as encouragement, let his nails scratch against George’s back lightly, dragged his tongue down the pale column of his unmarked throat to sink his teeth into the flesh. Front and center, a mark that would twist a startling violet in due time.

George whimpered, pressed down against Dream’s cock and jutted his neck forward against his mouth. He felt the teeth sink into his skin, felt the wet tongue slide across the divots in his flesh before lips turned to suction and dotted him red.

The flick of Dream’s thumbs against his piercings pulled another helpless mewl from him, twisting in Dream’s lap with sweet, aegean want, the soak of something pretty and blue heavy enough to coat Dream’s skin.

So he pinned George to the bed.

It felt faster than light, sending George in a collapse back-first against the mattress, thrown down with enough force to bounce up and into Dream as he fell on his hands and knees. The surprised gasp on George's lips morphed into a pretty moan, the scalding warmth of Dream's mouth on his neck again snaking up to the space beneath his jaw.

"Dream."

That word had never sounded so breathy and desperate, choked out in a single syllable stained arctic with dripping lust. It spun Dream in on himself with dark honey, the sickly orange flame turning hot and blue against his sternum. He could feel the brighter heat as it crept up the wick of his candle—pulsing, mesmerizing in movement, flicking under George's hot breath when he panted.

Teeth, *teeth* dug into the side of George's throat with ravenous glory, a thumb rubbing at the sphere of one of his piercings, shifting it beneath his skin with enough intent to make his eyes water. He gasped on that blue-soaked syllable again, brought his hands back up to Dream's shoulders and dragged them feather-light down his back.

He wanted to touch him more, wanted to lay his palms out against tan skin and feel the presence of Dream, Dream, *always Dream* above him. But it was sparks, it was embers, it was hot, orange flame, something sourced from the veins beneath his skin and blazing enough to scare George's palms away.

George arched his back up off the bed, hips colliding with Dream's abdomen. He tried to get his knee between Dream's thighs, tried to give Dream something stimulating in return for the mouth on his neck, but he couldn't quite manage in their tangled mess of limbs.

And Dream was alright without the touch. He was already alight under the drag of George's fingertips, content to suck a violet necklace into the pale skin of George's neck. The thought of it made his cock pulse, made him imagine waking up in a wrap of sweet navy come morning, close enough to feel the rise and fall of George's chest. And the stain of rose would've twisted amethyst, painful-looking in a mark by some kind of sick beast.

But it was not morning, and the marks were not yet purple. It was all blotched skin, all sapphire hues wrapped around sighing amber, nothing but sweet moans and harsh teeth against soft lips when Dream trailed his mouth down to find George's nipples.

The fingers on Dream's back scraped up to catch his hair, immediately tangling into something that was Dream's, always Dream's—but not too hot to lay fingers on. And George made a point of tugging with harsh vigor, of pulling the mouth that had been laid on the bottom of his pec up and to his nipple proper, searing tongue sliding over the metal that had caused this mess.

Dream's reaction was immediate. He had never pinned himself for someone who'd like this, but the metallic flavor laid against his wet tongue was something he knew he'd crave even long after this. He could already feel it, the way he'd pull his slick lips off and taste the echo of it still on his tongue, the way he'd spit the metal flavor back into George's mouth and make him crave it, too. Leave himself desperate and buckling at the knees to take George in his mouth like this again, to roll his tongue over the barbell and make it spin, suck hard on his nipple with lewd noises that rivaled George's heavy breaths in obscenity.

Dream bit. Pulled up with teeth caught on the jewelry, stuck harsh between George's skin and the pretty silver. When he released with an open mouth, the piercing slid out of his grasp and lay in wait for the warmth of Dream's mouth again, pretty and slick against George's writhing body.

“Please.” George tugged at Dream’s hair. “‘S hot.”

He dove in again. Swirled his tongue over the bud and savored the catch against the metal, slid his other hand up George’s body to catch the opposing barbell in a pinch. It became a mess of tandem movement, something that soaked George in slick tangerine, made him pull against sandy blond and reel Dream’s mouth up his chest until the piercing slipped past his tight lips.

Dream was panting. Moaning on George’s skin, laving his tongue over the metal-adorned flesh with flaming reverence. His orange-covered mouth exalted him, the twist of thick fingers paling in comparison to the flick of his tongue. Dream’s mouth was forged by the gods themselves, and George wanted it *everywhere*. He savored it on his nipples, the way he played expertly with them and the jewelry he loved so much, something he’d gotten to feel exciting and pretty.

He felt more than pretty. There wasn’t even a word for it anymore, not when Dream’s mouth dripped divine honey. George felt coated in it, every swipe of the other’s tongue against his skin leaving him more wrecked than before, even after the lips left him completely and the wet muscle swept across his chest.

And it traded. Dream sucked the other nipple into his mouth, fingers toying with the one he’d just abandoned—now slick and hot with flaming saliva. George would’ve expected the wetness to grow cold and unpleasant where it was left on his skin, but under the heat of Dream’s fingers and in the wake of something blazing, he only felt more alive.

“I *want*,” George panted, the fingers he laid against Dream’s scalp twisting. “Dream, *Dream*, I want you so bad.”

The suction on his nipple tightened with a matching groan, the tug on the opposing piercing enough to make George cry out at the ceiling. A lone, lapis tear slid down his cheek, dropping wet and heavy on the pillowcase he was laid on, body squirming under all of Dream’s advances. He didn’t answer, not yet, only dug teeth into George’s nipple and dragged them down to catch the piercing.

When he pulled off and looked down at George, his eyes were dark beneath the light. His lips were slick and his entire face was flaming—George could feel it when he ran hands down to his reddened cheeks and let cobalt soak into his skin.

“Want you too.”

It was that harsh, low, unrecognizable whisper, every last piece of it fallen tumultuous onto George’s parted lips. Dream chased after it, dove into his mouth tongue-first, slicking the inside of George’s teeth with something innocently metallic and apricot.

Dream had been right, the flavor of metal between their lips left him ravenous. He went after the lines of spit that fell from his tongue, the saliva that tasted like the wet piercings on George’s nipples now dropped against his gums. The jet of Dream’s tongue made George mewl and writhe beneath him, press their cocks together through the pants they still had on and attempt to grind in haste.

Hands fell to George’s nipples again. It made his body jolt with startle, fingertips beneath Dream’s jaw pressing up into the bone, forcing their lips apart and taking the metallic mess of color with it. Dream groaned, low and beautiful, hips pressing George down into the bed. He rolled them, pinning George down hard with one hand tight on the mattress, the other pressing against one of the piercings so hard George felt the fire in his ribcage.

And he kept grinding, palm weeping slotted amber into the depths of George's body. He cried out at the ceiling, basked in the hot breath he still felt on his mouth, the spit Dream hadn't bothered to lick off his lips falling against George's.

George licked it up without a second thought. Dream tasted metallic in blood-first need, but his veins pulsed titian in heat.

"*I want,*" George said again, pathetically breathless as his lungs were swallowed in flame. "Every inch. All of you."

Dream sputtered, the snag of his knuckles pulling George's piercing in what may have been terribly uncomfortable at any other time, but in a hazy fit of mindless lapis and gold, George was mewling.

It was an angelic sight. George was marked, George was *Dream's*, George was crying out for something from him and taking every drip of frightening heat into his small, lithe body. He pleaded without words, without sound, without anything but writhing blue. He moved like a restless sea, and Dream was a burning boat on the crest of the waves.

He was doomed—but in a poetic, sinking way. He would be consumed by George, and he would take it without question. Even if he was never found laid limp in the sand, missing and mysterious written in his legend. He'd take it.

The roll of Dream's hips had frozen, but the desperate grinding of George's had not. He was a messy puddle spread on the sheets. And he ran in every direction, dripped onto the floor with an audible *drop*, fell like pretty tears and severed raindrops. Dream had reduced him, had melted him into something ultramarine, something soft and tangible beneath his firm, digging hand that was a drag against metal.

"So," Dream laved a breath against George's neck, ran delicate lips over hot skin, "so beautiful."

"*Dream.*" George tugged on his jaw to press lips against his bruising neck. "*Inside.*"

Forlorn words rang in Dream's ears. Heavy, desperate, in want of his cock. He was throbbing, pitifully untouched—a veracious truth he'd managed to stifle beneath something enchanted in festering heat.

It was demanding enough to drive him to strip himself, doing the same to George in quiet haste so they lay bare and on top of each other. Dream let his lips fall into George's collarbone, let his hands ghost over cooling metal. The barbells were still slick beneath his fingers, sliding against the pads of them if he didn't grip hard enough.

George was playing with matches, toying with blue flame on Dream's skin. It manifested in feather-light drags against his searing flesh, scorching him ebony under the touch.

Dream twisted a piercing.

"You're a sin."

There was heaving implication in Dream's words, but something in the tone he used made George moan. He sought the answer to his sanctum like he sought anything else, felt the physical assertion of the phrase come to fruition in another twist of the barbell in his nipple, Dream lowering his head slowly to take the open one back into his mouth.

George whimpered, breathless under the touch. "Which one?"

Dream swirled his divine tongue, drooled heavenly orange into George and slicked him with every bit of his mouth. And George's face was glossed with tears, painted cerulean in a striking difference, visible to both his eyes in magnificent brightness. His vision was blue, blue, all blue. Orange was feel, thick in his bones with startling intimacy. It was then that he realized he'd begun to crave it.

The spheres of the barbell clashed with Dream's teeth again, the sound of their collision echoing through his skull. He was chest-deep in George's slicked existence, all the words he'd let dance on his tongue for years concentrated into this moment, this single moment—and it burned the veins against his teeth.

He pulled off from George, slid one last lick against the nipple in dropped temptation, succumbed to the hands against his face that wept in blue.

“All of them.” It was burnt in earnest. “You're deadly.”

The words hummed amber. And they managed to fill George up to the brim, stuffed with something pretty. It may have felt like an insult independent, stood alone on its own two feet. But it was hot breath on scorched skin, grossly tangerine and spoken like death in that voice. Beautiful, benign death. The type of perishing from poems.

The tongue that worshipped his pierced nipple was nearly too much to handle. Something cried out within George to speak. *You're a deity*. If he was hell, then Dream was heaven. He was plush lips, hot skin, and slick worship. George had dreamed of this a thousand times before, but he didn't even want to compare the visions to true reality. All his dreams felt pathetic now.

“Fuck me virtuous, Dream.”

It felt backwards. It all felt backwards, but Dream was sucking George's nipple into his mouth again to stifle a desperate noise, one hand sliding down George's stomach to finally, *finally* lay a finger on his aching cock. It was so strangely delicate under the firmness of his hand, under a hand that George knew could hurt him but still touched him so sweet.

Like *he* was the god, and not the other way around. Like Dream was going to fuck him in sin, fill him with hell and leave him festering. But it wasn't that, it could never be that. Dream was a startling alabaster against something dark, and George swore he saw the whole world in those honey-colored eyes.

He keened under the light touch. Arched into it, desperately mewling for something more. A proper touch, a hand around his cock, for the mouth on his nipple to relent. But it was the tongue that started something smaller on the barbell responsible for the position, and Dream was dragging his finger down the front of George's twitching cock until it brushed gently over his hole.

“Please.”

Dream hummed, rolled his tongue over the silver sphere in his mouth and pulled off with a sinful *pop*. He slid down the bed gently, dragged the tip of his tongue across George's flat stomach with tantalizing lightness, drew a line around his cock in tactful avoidance. It made George whine, attempting to press down on the fingertip still positioned at his rim, but Dream reeled back in time with him.

“I'll be gentle, I promise.”

Every word was hot breath against the most sensitive part of George, but it only edged to

something greater when Dream spit on his rim, his saliva hot and threaded with thick lava as it ran down onto the bed. George twitched, desperate to reach a hand down and grab his own cock, but he was all too willing to bare himself at the mercy of Dream. Let him sink his tongue into his hole for a single, breathtaking moment, let him lick his insides wet before retracting, savoring the pathetic whine that dropped off George's lips and protest. Then it was his index finger in place of his tongue, burning hot with spit and the fire beneath his skin.

George was already a wreck. Writhing beneath the tip of Dream's finger, hasty in his attempts to fuck himself down on it. He gripped the headboard and made another desperate sound, felt a large hand grip his hips in possession, holding him still against the bed. It was silence, silence when he looked down at Dream's face, eyes aglow with flaming secrets.

He sank his finger in all the way and twisted, practically moaning at how tight George was around it. It was a marvel, George's body—Dream was in awe at how something so greedy and sinful could feel so divine in his hands. He could catch the gleam of light off shining metal when he looked up at George's face, could catch the way he rolled his own fingertip against the barbell in desperate need for stimulation.

George didn't think his fingers could ever touch him as well as Dream's could. His hand on the piercing was pitiful in comparison, leaving too much to be desired at the roll of the jewelry. He tried to beg for something more from Dream—Dream, who moved to plant a searing kiss on the head of George's cock, sucking precum into his mouth and swallowing it down his throat in a hot rush.

George cried out to the ceiling, tears stroked down his pretty blue face. He was a sinful prayer of "*please, god, please*" and Dream wasn't sure if he was god or if it was just for emphasis.

He spit on his own fingers again, sinking a second one gently into George's tight hole. It was warm, *hot*, hotter than anything he'd ever felt. All of George had been startlingly aflame, but it was the inside of him that raged like true wildfire. As if Dream had bared himself to something dangerous and walked barefoot over hot coals, as if he'd doused himself in gasoline and dropped a burning match at his feet.

He welcomed it. Welcomed it with a scissor of his fingers, a twist of them inside of George, the pad of his ring finger rubbing gently against the rim. He caught a drop of spit on it and tried to press it back inside, licked a single, hot stripe up the side of George's cock in something teasing just to hear him cry again.

Fingers tugged at the metal piercing in his nipple, and George nearly screamed at the way they weren't his. Dream's free hand had made it there without George's notice and had begun to toy with the slick metal between his fingers, pulling it down towards him as if he wanted to take it for himself.

Both of Dream's hands were dripping—figuratively and literally—his mouth wetter than all of it at the junction of George's thigh, sucking a pretty purple mark somewhere hidden to match the ones on his throat. And he bit down on his thigh while he fingered him loose, stretched him open in a way that felt like it should be filthy, but it all felt exactly as George wanted it to. *Virtuous*. It was only because it was Dream, only because it was his hands—forged by the same gods that had made his mouth.

"Dream, please," George pleaded. "I need your cock so bad, *please*."

Dream's searing mouth relented for just a moment, but the twist of his three fingers grew harder. "So sinful, baby."

It made him whine and grind down against the intrusion, his voice not letting up on the prayer for Dream's cock, something he could only infer was just as godly as the rest of him.

It was one final etch of tooth marks against his plush skin, one final swipe of a hot, amber tongue, and Dream was sitting up on his knees. Pulling his fingers free from George to illicit that pretty, empty whine, grabbing him by the thighs and tugging him closer.

The cock was hot and pulsing against George's stretched hole. His hole that was leaking spit, only growing wetter as he watched Dream look down and drop another hot string of it between them. It hit both his cock and George's rim, the glowing obscenity of it all enough to make him moan.

Dream had lube in his nightstand. But he spit on his own palm anyways, rubbed the flaming hand against his cock in haste, smeared the drops of precum that he'd leaked down the shaft to mix with it all in something sick and holy. It burned him, he burned himself, the flame on the wick of the candle shuddering under his hot, heaving breaths.

He lined himself up, pressed gently at George's rim and cast him a confirmation glance.

"Fuck me pure."

And he pushed into him, white-hot and sickly wet. It was a glide against his tight, tight walls, just as much of a vice as he had thought it would be, gripping down on him like it was a lifeline. It made nails dig into George's already marked thighs, carve out crescent-shaped love letters to the divine beast beneath him, left him a brilliant mess at the pain of it.

Dream grunted through his grit teeth, bottomed out with a harsh breath, collapsed his front against George's chest to press hot kisses on his bruising neck. He didn't retract the dig of his fingernails in George's thighs, pressing down harder when he realized that he liked it.

George was a shaking mess on the bed, all quivering thighs and desperate breaths. He felt pressure on his cock where Dream's abdomen pressed down against it, felt the throb of Dream's cock inside him, felt everything everywhere in overwhelming amber. He dug cerulean hands into Dream's back, skin no longer too hot to touch. Perhaps it was still the same heat it was before, only now George was slick and sweating, and the pulse of Dream's cock inside him was infinitely hotter than anything could ever be.

"Move."

Dream would never say no to George.

He moved both rough and gentle in a strange tandem. He was harsh, he was brutal, he was abusing George's hole. It was enough to make the tears cascade down his face in burning hotness, the flow of them urging Dream to kiss gently at his blued cheeks, to swallow the salt of it before it could hit his pillow.

But he was not rough. It all seeped with burning passion, a striking mix of complementary colors, something perpetuated to be across from each other forever—but they mixed in muddled beauty. Nothing had ever felt so *right*, because they had been waiting for this for years, waiting for *each other*, waiting for this tangle of amber and ultramarine that would collide in a beautiful mess right at the center of Dream's still-made bed.

Like a dying star. The mesh of something acutely holy and sinful, Dream's cock pressing devout into George's tight hole, constricting enough to make him groan against his cheek.

Dream licked his way back into George's mouth. Took his searing lips on his again, took the mess

of hot indigo flame as he dripped thick spit into his mouth, felt every last drop of it leave his lips without a whisper of anything metallic. Dream let one hand toy with George's piercing in chase of that, in chase of the chilled silver against his burn, something to re-solidify the wax he'd let pool before him.

And he fucked him harder. Hard, not fast. Every piece of it was deliberate, long and punctuated enough to drive the orange straight into George's guts, leave it twisted and tangling in his abdomen and spreading up his body like tendrils. And Dream's lungs filled with blue, all his sharp inhales still against George's lips and not pulled away, breathing in his hot breath and his sweet noises that kept growing in obscenity.

The sound of skin-on-skin was loud in the room. It bounced off the walls in volume, louder than the noises either of them were making but only because of their mess of a kiss. Spit ran down George's chin, burning tracks down his flesh with feverish orange. He dropped his mouth open on Dream's, cried up against his tongue, tried to rasp out some kind of desperate plea for anything—he wasn't even sure what it was he wanted.

Dream tugged at the metal in his nipple. Twisted it to spin one sphere to the opposite side, painful enough to be met with a scream. Muffled under the wetness of Dream's mouth, muffled under the sink of his ivory teeth into George's carmine lip, reeling back and letting it snap down against his mouth.

"Feel holy yet?"

It was rasped and low, barely choked out between hard, slow thrusts that shook George's entire body with the move. He whimpered, arched his back off the mattress and dug nails into scorching flesh, felt his nails dig their own little crescents into Dream. Marked the holy man with something sinful, something to make him grin magnanimous in the mirror when he saw them in the morning.

"More."

Dream gave in to the plea and finally, *finally* fucked faster. He got rough and relentless, hard enough in the glide of his cock and the twist of the piercing to make George cry out a syllable that sounded like *"stop!"*

Dream could feel the marine lies when they fell from George's lips. The blood-drawing dig of nails into his chest and the roll of darkened eyes to the back of his skull spoke louder than George ever could, especially when his voice was strangled and gasped from screaming at the wall like it would help him.

George came first. In a wicked spit of delayed orgasm, he spilled white all over his stomach and Dream's. It erred Dream to fuck him harder, to tangle his body against George's, twisted enough to take a nipple into his mouth. It felt like he couldn't come without the metallic taste on his tongue, rolling the muscle over the slick barbell with intent to match his driving cock.

And he came, too. He fucked the cum into George until he was collapsing, heaving, exhausted and sliding metal free of his mouth. It was tiresome, and Dream's cum dripped onto the bed sheets when he pulled out, soaking them filthy.

The two shared a glance. A sweaty, fire-risen glance. Dream could still feel the blue flame spinning within him, could still see the flick of it on the wick of the candle. And George felt sickly orange, painted tangerine everywhere he wasn't red and purple, his borderline sinful form drawn holy in Dream's loving eyes.

They sank into each other. It was hallow.

End Notes

pretty crazy, right?

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